

The Family

"THE LORD WALKED IN THE GARDEN."

(Washerwoman's Hymn.)

He walked in de gyarden in de cool o' de day—

O Lord, whar kin dat gyarden be?
I'd turn my weary foots dat way

An' pray Thee cool de day for me.
Lord, Lord, walkin' in de gyarden,

Open de gate to me!
I'd nuber be afeard o' de flamin' sword,
Ef I could walk wi' Thee.

He walked in de gyarden in de cool o' de day;

He sa'ntered 'mong's de shrubbery;
He nuber turned aroun' to look dat way—

I wusht He'd watched dat apple tree.
Lord, Lord, trouble in de gyarden!

Ev'ry-bod-y knows
Dat sins begins wid needles an' pins
An' de scan'lous need o' clo'es.

He walked in de gyarden in de cool o' de day—

My bleachin'-grass ain't fittin' for Thee;
But dat Bible gyarden's so far away,

So, Lord, come bless my fiel' for me!
Lord, Lord, come into my gyarden!

Ev'ry-bod-y knows
How Eve's mistake when she listened to
de shnake

Still keeps me washin' clo'es.

He walked in de gyarden in de cool o' de day—

Ef I could stand an' see Him pass,
Wid de n'eye o' faith, as de scripture
saith,

I'd shout heah on my bleachin'-grass.
Lord, Lord, my little gyarden

Ain't no place for Thee!
But come an' shine wid a light divine

An' fix my faith for me!
Gl'ry, glory, hallelujah!

Peter, James an' John,
Behol' de light an' de raiment
white!

Yo wisdom 's passin' on!

—Ruth McEnery Stuart in the September
Century.

ONE WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR.

The minister's wife mechanically trotted the baby on her knee and held aloft the magazine to keep it out of the reach of his little straying, grasping hands as she read. She laid the magazine, face down upon a chair when he cried out in exasperation and quieted him with coos and baby talk, but all the time her brown eyes were pensive. When at last the baby snuggled his warm little face up against her own and slept, she hugged him tightly and mused as she rocked gently back and forth. She wasn't thinking about that baby, she wasn't even conscious of his soft, embracing arms about her neck—it was so much a habit to hold him so.

"When science and the church arrive at the same conclusion, even if it is by different routes," said the minister's wife

to herself, "that conclusion is pretty likely to be correct. Our church organized its Quiet Hour League two years ago, and here is this scientific article telling of the poise and calm and strength one will surely gather by 'going into the silence' for even fifteen minutes each morning. I need poise and calm and strength, goodness knows. I made a perfect goose of myself at that prayer service yesterday, standing up there crying and sobbing instead of telling what the Lord has done for me, as the others did. I'd have had beautiful words, too, if I only could have taken time to think things over."

Baby straightened his back and wiggled. "There, there, my sweetheart," she cooed, and didn't know it, nor was she aware of her softly patting hand on his plump shoulders. "I'm going to do it—I will have my quiet hour each morning. I can, just after the children all get off to school and while baby has his nap after his bath."

She eased the little body down into the cradle, and with a half reluctant look about her at the room not yet tidied, took up a Bible from the table.

"I'd hate for anybody to find out how little I read this of late." She was rapidly turning the pages. "Where are the Psalms—yes—now, I want the ninety-first—it always make me think of glorious organ music—'He that dwelleth in the secret place'—O baby, can't you get to sleep?" She bent over and patted him into stillness and then hurried to the bathroom to investigate the ominous sound of running water that proceeded thence. Charles junior had a proclivity for bathing in running water and he had left the faucet open and the plug in the basin. The water was flowing over on to the floor and had to be wiped up at once lest it leak through to the ceiling below and cause the sisters to say things about the parsonage being abused. This only required a few minutes, and soon she was back by the cradle with the Bible on her knee. She read a few verses, closed her eyes and leaned back to meditate.

Sister Derry wore rubber heels on her shoes so she made no sound as she ascended the stairs.

"Got a headache, honey?" she inquired at sight of the pose of the minister's wife.

"Oh, not at all," the mistress of the manse made haste to protest with a surprised start.

"I just imagined"—Sister Derry glanced over the room. "No, I can't sit down. I just ran over to see if I might use your telephone."

It was rather hard to meditate successfully while a brisk one-sided conversation was going on in the hall just outside the door, so instead the minister's wife prayed a little silent prayer for patience, and remembered something she had read once about changing the "d" to a capital "H," so that "disappointment" would read "His appointment."

"Thank you, Sister Hadlow." The neighbor hung up the receiver and peered in. "It is such a convenience to have the

privilege of your 'phone."

"It is eleven o'clock and you haven't told me a thing to fix for dinner." It was black Minnie at the door this time.

"Baked hash from yesterday's roast, warm over the potatoes and make a crumb pudding." Her voice was as abstracted as her gaze, for again she was praying for patience and trying to spell disappointment the new way; but when Minnie had gone downstairs the minister's wife closed her door and locked it. She read her Psalm, and then went on down the page to the ninety-second. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord"—her eyes fell upon the little rosy sleeper in the cradle. "Indeed it is, Robin, you sweetest thing in the world," she said in her heart. "When the others were talking so beautifully of their blessings yesterday, I just kept thinking, 'Robin, Robin, Robin!' Yet there were some people who actually had the audacity to pity me when they heard there was another baby at the parsonage." She smiled, and began recounting other causes for gratitude.

Ting-a-ling-ling-ling! Not even a closed and locked door can shut out the peremptory summons of a telephone. It woke Robin, and he began to fret, so that his mother was in a fidget when she took the receiver from its hook.

"No, I wasn't busy. . . . Oh, no! I didn't have to come upstairs—I was in my room. . . . Yes, I have time to talk a bit. . . . The dress Edith wore yesterday? Yes, that was a bought pattern. . . . Yes, I'll be glad to lend it to you. . . . Lead the missionary meeting? Why, I think you'd better ask some one else. I have baby, you know, and I can't get time to prepare anything. . . . Yes I know it. A minister's wife ought to be prepared always, and it is a shame that I am not. . . . Well, I'll do the best I can. . . . Thank you. Good-bye."

She hurried back to comfort Robin. There was a bottle to be fixed, and when he clasped it in both chubby hands she gave the clock a glance. "I can take ten more minutes. I am so flustered, though, I'll have to read again. 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations!'" The book dropped to her knee. Dwelling place—home—a place where one stays and lives—why, one can get so used to a home as scarcely to think of it, and yet be enjoying its comfort and sweetness and shelter all the while. And David calls our God a dwelling place—home—dwelling place! I wonder—

"Katie! O Katie!" It was the minister's voice this time. "Where are you, my dear? Still upstairs at this time of day? There will be some visiting brethren here to dinner."

He was talking away all the time he was running upstairs, but he stopped in the doorway and smiled a great happy smile at sight of the Bible on his wife's knee.

"O, my dearie!" he cried. "I'm glad, so glad to see that! I've been a little afraid lately that you were neglecting the better part—that you were in danger of becoming a Martha."

"Visiting brethren, Charles! And we